

INDIAN R

3rd YEAR

No. 9

NOVEMBER, 1950

THE
MISSIONARY R



P.O.

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POPE DEFINES ASSUMPTION OF MARY



IN FAMED MUSEUM: In the great Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, is this fine painting of The Assumption of the Virgin. It is the work of Borgognone, of the Italian school, Milan, probably painted about 1480. (NCWC)

Centuries Old Belief Proclaimed To The World On November 1

VATICAN CITY, Nov. 1—Rome and the Vatican City were ablaze with lights tonight, crowned by the illuminated dome of St. Peter's basilica, in honor of the proclamation of the new dogma of the bodily assumption into heaven of the Virgin Mary. Before nearly 1,000,000 persons in St. Peter's square, Pope Pius earlier proclaimed the dogma as an article of faith for the world's Roman Catholics.

In a ceremony unprecedented in the history of living man, as well as in the number of prelates, priests and faithful witnessing it at St. Peter's Basilica, the Supreme Pontiff formally and solemnly proclaimed the Dogma of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin on November 1.

In doing so the Pope gave explicit expression to a truth entrusted by Christ to His Church in the original deposit of Revelation, and held and cherished by the faithful throughout the ages.

Great Joy

To a humanity oppressed by darkness and beset by doubts, the Father of Christendom gave a message of light and certainty as he pointed to that bright gem in the Crown of Mary, who was conceived without sin, whose virginity remained inviolate in her divine maternity and who was taken to Heaven body and soul after the earthly pilgrimage had ended.

An overwhelming sense of joy was the dominant note of the solemn proceedings that marked this historic event in the capital of Christendom, packed as never before during this Holy Year with faithful from near and far.

And this joy, indescribable in its intensity, reached its climax when the bells of St. Peter's on the morning of the Feast of All Saints, proclaimed that the Vicar of Christ had spoken authorita-

tively and that the prayers and petitions of untold millions had met with their glorious fulfillment.

Even those still refusing to accept the teaching authority of the Supreme Pontiff could not escape a feeling of awe in witnessing one of the most important events in the history of Christianity and the Church. At least vaguely they sensed the stupendous fact that 400 million Catholics of the most varied races and nationalities, linked in union of faith, gladly and unquestioningly accepted the infallible teaching of their common Father.

The Pope's Prayers

The huge crowd filling St. Peter's square heard over loudspeakers a special prayer composed by His Holiness and recited by him in the chapel of his private apartment. At the conclusion of the ceremony the Pontiff appeared at a window overlooking the square and imparted the Apostolic Blessing on the multitude.

The Dogma

In concrete terms, what the dogma of the Assumption means is the certainty that the glorification of the body, which will take place for the souls of the just at the end of time, has by singular privilege already occurred for the Mother of God.

In making this pronouncement

(Continued on Page 2)

SILVER JUBILEE AT AKLAVIK

The Aklavik (NWT) Indian residential school was founded twenty-five years ago by Bishop Trocellier, then a missionary father who came to establish the school with Br. H. Latreille. With Father Trocellier, came three Grey Nuns from Montreal to help with the foundation of the school; Sister Alice McQuillan, cousin of Cardinal McGuigan, Sister St. Adelard and Sister Pothier.

The Aklavik boarding school has now well over 500 names on the register: Indians and Eskimos from the Northern beaches of the Mackenzie river delta and Northernmost shores of the North American continent. There are over 40 boys and as many girls now attending the Aklavik school.

On the occasion of the anniversary celebration this summer, Patrick Stein, an Eskimo, read the address to His Excellency Bishop Trocellier.

A special issue of the school magazine "The Voice of our School" has been published; it is dedicated to Bishop Trocellier, founder of the school and to Sister Alice McQuillan, first superior and co-foundress.

SIX DIE IN B.C. BUSH FIRE

FORT ST. JOHN, B.C., Oct. 31—Six Indians are dead and at least two missing in their devastated hunting grounds north of here following fires that raced through virgin forest during September.

Two of the bodies were found later in the Rose Prairie area. They were identified as Joe Aski-sookey, 73, and his grandson, Bill Jedney, 15.

Four more were reported Monday to have been found near Chinchaga Lake, 40 miles northeast of Rose Prairie. Two other Indians are missing in the same area. All are believed to be members of the George Miller family.

The Indians led a nomadic life on the sprawling Doig Indian reserve and were not reported missing until Oct. 15.

About 100 Indians, assisted by R.C.M.P. and officials of the department of Indian affairs, have since been searching the scorched timber for them.

The bodies were badly burned but not mutilated. Their clothing was burned off. Rifles and the studs of belts worn by the men were found nearby along with three dead horses and four dead dogs. Leather harness had been burned off the horses.

One hundred square miles of virgin bush on the reserve, 25 miles north of here, was reported to have burned off "as clean as a whistle" by the forest fires. About 65 raged in Northern British Columbia. With 35 others burning in Alberta they sent a pall of smoke drifting across the continent causing an eerie blackout in eastern cities.

Completing his naval service, Cook decided to return to Cornell. He was offered an assistantship in vegetable crops and drove on from there to complete requirements for the doctor's degree by writing a thesis on weed control in potatoes using flame, cultivation and chemical methods, a project far removed from crops familiar to his forebears 300 years ago.

St. Regis Pupil Receives Cornell University Degree

Born and raised on the St. Regis Mohawk reservation in Northern New York, and a graduate of Massena high school, Solomon Cook will be the first American Indian to receive an advanced degree from Cornell university. He has completed requirements for and will receive in June, a doctor's degree in vegetable crops at Cornell.

He has been appointed an assistant professor at the South Dakota State College of Agriculture.

His degree comes some 15 years and one war after he first became interested in Cornell when he attended a New York state 4-H club congress here in 1935. Cook enrolled in 4-H work in 1931, and walked 13 miles to and from school at Massena high, so he could pursue it under the watchful eye of Bert Rogers, St. Lawrence county club agent.

Cook gives a lot of credit for his eventual attainment of a doctor's degree to Rogers, Henry White, his vocational agriculture instructor at Massena high, and Prof. A. J. Pratt of Cornell's vegetable crops department, and Donald Kerr, counselor for foreign students at Cornell, and one of Sol's staunchest supporters.

Graduating from Massena high school, Cook embarked on what intended to be a two-year course in agriculture at Cornell. Becoming vitally interested in continuing his educational career, he washed dishes, waited on tables and worked as a general handyman hereabouts to go on to win a bachelor's degree, then a master's and now, a doctor's.

After graduating from Cornell,



Dr. Solomon Cook

Sol returned to his father's dairy farm, but then the war came along and he enlisted in the navy and saw service at Okinawa, the Philippines and Japan. While in service he married Mary, a Mohawk girl, whose brother is the only Indian Jesuit priest and who is at their home parish in St. Regis.

ENGLISH TO BE TAUGHT IN ESKIMO SCHOOLS

WINNIPEG—Five new day schools recently constructed in the Hudson's Bay area reveal the Canadian Government's decision to promote greater contact between Eskimos and whites. Four schools are already in operation at Southampton Island, Lake Harbison, Port Harrison and Eskimo. A fifth at Coppermine awaits a teacher. All have been given orders to teach in English.

Policy regarding the teaching of religion in the schools had not been determined. Missionaries, whose knowledge of Eskimo and English would enable them to help bridge the language difficulty while teaching religion, now are awaiting official permission to co-operate with the schools in this respect.

Hospital at Churchill

The problem of caring for the health of the Eskimo in his own environment will be partially solved by the building of a hospital at Churchill and by the establishment of infirmaries at strategic spots further north. Serious cases would be flown to Churchill.

Although Churchill is not considered to be in Eskimo country, the new project is expected to overcome the main objections to

the natives who are still refusing to be flown to civilization or are leaving against their will.

TWO DEAD IN FIRE

THE PAS, Man., — Two Indians, Elias Young and Joe Marsellais, were burned to death when their house was gutted by fire on October 5. The two men were alone in the house at the time, their families being away.

Joe Marsellais is survived by his wife, Stella, and one child. Elias Young is survived by his wife.

The tragedy occurred about four miles south of The Pas on No. 10 highway. Origin of the fire is unknown.

After graduating from Cornell,

INDIAN RECORD



Directors: Most Rev. M. Lajeunesse, O.M.I., H. Routhier, O.M.I., Very Rev. P. Scheffer, O.M.I., A. Boucher, O.M.I., O. Fournier, O.M.I.
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Editor and Manager: Rev. G. Laviolette, O.M.I.

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THE INDIAN SCHOOLS

The proposed federal Act on Indian Schools will be up for discussion early in the New Year. But it is not too early to study some rather sinister aspects of the proposed legislation. The bill contains very definite possibilities to rob the Indians of religious convictions, of Christian education.

The methods to be employed by our secularists are very simple, even if they are well camouflaged.

Since the earliest days of Christianity, mission schools among the Indians have been established, maintained, and to a large extent supported by the Missionaries.

Today the mission schools conform in every scholastic respect to the standards of ordinary provincial school examinations and their curriculae are under supervision of school inspectors the way those of any other schools are.

But aside from schooling, the children are provided also with boarding facilities, so necessary in some northern regions. Their scholastic training is fitted into the broader pattern of spiritual, moral and physical formation. For the scholastic work these schools receive a federal grant. The important additional services given the Indians by the institutions is part of the missionary effort and financial support of Catholics working for and with the Indians.

The new law is to provide that the federal government be empowered to make special arrangements with the provincial governments involved according to which schooling is to be transferred to the provincial authorities together with the federal grant now paid the mission schools.

In effect, this means that Catholic Indians are to be robbed of their Catholic schools and put under the secular system prevailing in the respective provinces.

Now Catholics, whether Indian or white, are in conscience bound to give their children a Catholic education. Withdrawing of federal grants is tantamount to closing their Catholic schools. It also would involve the loss for the Indians of more than merely class-room education, which the missionaries with Catholic help and with their own self-sacrificing zeal have been offering Canada's oldest residents through many decades. In return they are to be subjected to state-run secular schools.

The legislation has not yet been passed, but this policy has been implemented by side arrangements in some localities.

Lack of interest in this oblique attack upon the rights of Indian parents, whose obligations before God are not governed by treaty-right discriminations but are those of any natural parent, would be a dangerous neglect. The problem is urgent and should be closely studied by Catholic citizens. We must protect the rights of our Indian brothers.

The Ensign

October 21, 1950

CAUGHNAWAGA INDIAN DAY SCHOOLS, P.Q.

During the summer months, a recreational program was carried out for our 450 school pupils on the Caughnawaga Reserve. Two instructors were available and conducted a series of games, picnics and even visits to points of outside interest.

The highlight of the summer was, of course, the swimming classes in the nearby St. Lawrence River. Appointed upon the recommendation of the Caughnawaga Recreation Association, the swimming instructress, Miss S. Rivest, held classes almost daily for the boys and girls of the reserve. On July 22 the Canadian Junior Red Cross tests were given to ten boys and nine girls by the official examiner, Mr. Maurice Bricault. The results exceeded our fondest expectations with every pupil being graded **A** (Excellent) for their age range, from 10 to 16 years.

WIN BEDFORD TROPHY

At the K. of C. assembly show held last spring in Vancouver, Miss Roberta Campbell, aged 13, won the Bedford Trophy for the best hobby exhibit in the show. Miss Campbell is a pupil at St. Paul's Indian school. A large gathering of teachers, parents and friends of the pupils were present at the award meeting.

BEAVAL RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL, SASK.

Sports have flourished at this school and the Principal reports that his softball team has won a trophy this year in a competition with four other schools. They also did well in the Track and Field Day at Ile-à-la-Crosse on June 9 with two boys receiving several prizes for having obtained the highest points in their class of events.

THREE SUCCESSFUL CAUGHNAWAGANS

Away back in 1756, a group of Caughnawagas left their town to found St. Regis. (They brought along with them the skull of Tekakwitha and other relics; unhappily, they were destroyed in a fire that left the church in ashes over a hundred years ago.) Today this Mission consists of the neighboring segments of the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, and of the State of New York. At the beginning of June, a doctor's degree in agriculture was conferred upon Solomon Cook, an Iroquois from the American side of the St. Regis Mission. Dr. Cook is a devout Catholic.

Clarence Saylor

These last few years, Fordham College of New York, saw within its wall young Mohawk from Caughnawaga, Clarence Saylor. After completing his service in the American Navy, he resumed his studies interrupted by the war. His perseverance was rewarded this month when he obtained his B.A. degree. Clarence is now enrolled in the Faculty of Dentistry of McGill University (Montreal). The new bachelor is the brother of Norman Saylor, K.C., a graduate of the Université de Montréal, and of Earl now in his fourth year at the McGill Law School.

Andrew Delisle

Another Caughnawaga boy, Andrew Delisle, has just completed successfully his High School at Loyola (Montreal), where he will begin his College Course this autumn. Fr. K. Scott, S.J., Prefect of Studies at Loyola High School, is confident that Andrew will achieve marked success during the next four years. Before coming to Loyola, young Delisle spent four years at the Sacred Heart College in Victoriaville, Que.

Wm. TwoRivers

William TwoRivers is the first boy to graduate from Tekakwitha School at Caughnawaga. This new Catholic school, comprises the grammar grades and the first two years of the secondary course. This September, TwoRivers is entering into his third year of High School at Loyola. Four girls graduated at the same time and will continue their course at St. Angela's in Montreal under the direction of the Sisters of St. Ann. They are Vera Kawennieson Beauvais, Jean Jacobs, Jauline Katsitsenhawi Montour and Suzanne Brisebois, daughter of the Indian Agent at Caughnawaga.

Father Burns, S.J.
(in Kateri)

Assumption . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

— the first solemn dogmatic definition by the Pope himself since the definition of the Immaculate Conception dogma on December 8, 1854 — the Pope acted as custodian, teacher, interpreter and judge of the content of divine public revelation.

The Supreme Pontiff spoke "infallibly." In other words, he was protected by the Holy Ghost against the danger of error in making this pronouncement, which must be believed by all the faithful as part of the divinely revealed message handed over to the Church by the Apostles.

The ceremony of proclaiming the newly defined dogma was comparatively short and was followed immediately by the Pontifical Mass in presence of the largest number of prelates ever gathered around the Supreme Shepherd under the roof of St. Peter's.

A BARGAIN WITH GOD

By John LeCaine

This is the true story of a Lakota Indian who had a stomach ailment for over twenty years. He was finally compelled to go to a surgeon.

"You came on time", said the doctor, "in another month you would have been on your way to the 'Land of Assemblage'."

Having been between life and death for 3 days after his operation, for the first time the patient realizes how close he had been to death's door, but like his brave ancestors he did not fear death. And as he was also a Catholic, his faith had taught him not to fear death.

As death hovered near him, he thought of his only son, a four-year-old child; "my wife is young, she possesses charm and she has great qualities . . . but, perhaps, she will marry again soon after I die and, if her husband should be mean and cruel, what a life my dear son will know!"

He prayed: "O God, who knows the secrets of our hearts, it is because of my son that I beg of Thee to prolong my life. When my son is old enough to take care of himself, Thou mayest take me away from him".

The following morning, the surgeon found his patient much better but he refused to reveal to him that he had a cancer and that he would not live very long.

The sick man regained strength gradually and, as soon as he was able to be discharged from the hospital, the surgeon let him go. He went back to his family, hardly able to walk but happy in the thought that he would be home.

Sometime afterwards, the sick man dreamed that he saw someone coming towards him and, as the vision drew near him, realized that he who

stood before him was his own self, neatly dressed in a black suit, bald, old and wrinkled, but yet seeming very healthy and happy.

One morning, a year later, he found himself helpless and he called upon his wife to help him out of there. As she came to him, she broke down weeping. He commanded her to stop crying and to help him up. Sobbing, she told him that his surgeon had advised her that he had cancer and that she was not to let him know about it.

Hearing this for the first time, the sick man began to laugh loudly. His wife, very much surprised at this, complied with his wish as he repeated angrily "Help me up".

Fifteen summers went by since the patient had been discharged from hospital. His boy, now 19 years of age, was a fine youth standing 6' 2", a clean athletic boy.

The man, who had been practically condemned to death so long ago, had not been feeling too well for the last 2 years. He went back to his doctor who found ulcers in the stomach and hardening of the arteries. The patient then remembered his dream of long ago and he realized how God had answered his prayer. While he is not a superstitious person, he is now beginning to wonder what the black suit he saw himself in, really meant.

He is now a grandfather; his hair is thinning rapidly and great wrinkles show upon his face. He has had 3 other children besides his first-born son and also 2 grandchildren in his care. Now at the age of 60, he is still anxious about the welfare of his children.

Sometime afterwards, the sick man dreamed that he saw someone coming towards him and, as the vision drew near him, realized that he who

HEALTH SERVICES EXPANDED

OTTAWA — Doctors have recently been stationed at Hazelton, B.C., and Fort Rae, N.W.T., to provide full-time medical services for Indians in those districts and four more Indian health centres are under construction in Ontario and Quebec, the minister of National Health and Welfare, Hon. Paul Martin, disclosed here.

The new health centres are on Walpole Island in Ontario and at Pointe Bleue, Restigouche and Rupert House in Quebec.

BOY SCOUTS ACTIVE AT ESKASONI, N. B.

This day school has been proceeding with Boy Scout and Wolf Cub activities. The fame of their packs has spread throughout the Maritimes and several newspaper stories have been written concerning their fine work.

This school is further to be congratulated on its participation in the "Maritime Forest Fire Prevention Poster Contest". Out of a total of 30,000 contestants, the Eskasoni Indian Day School won second prize, fifteenth prize and a special prize.

The second prize award, in the form of \$50.00 in cash, was won by Frederick Gabriel, an eleven year old boy of Grade 4. His poster carried the slogan "If a Nation

Saves Its Trees, the Trees Will Save the Nation". This student made a recording for broadcasting purposes, assisted by his teacher, in which several Micmac sentences were interspersed with the English translation. Eskasoni was the only school to win three prizes. (Frederick Gabriel opened a bank account with the \$50.00)

After charging that the plaintiff in a Toronto assault case had acted "like a wild Indian," the defendant suddenly remembered an important fact, apologized to Magistrate Oliver M. Martin, a full-blooded Iroquois, and agreed that his accuser might have been acting "like a wild Irishman or Scotsman."

WATCH FOR AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT IN OUR DECEMBER ISSUE!

NEWSLETTER FROM ST. MARY'S, CARDSTON

On September 5, the children of St Mary's School began early to enroll for the opening of a new school year. All deserve to be congratulated for their promptness in returning to school as well as for the good spirit they have brought along in their return. Enrollment now stands at 241 with 25 new pupils. Seven were discharged last June.

Mary Ruth Beebe and Helen Weasel Head are now in Midnapore taking grade nine. Fanny Calling Last, Bernadette Morning Owl, Lucy Prairie Chicken, Herman Heavy Shield, and Alexander Red Crow are at home.

Some changes have taken place in the school staff during the course of the summer. Fr. Frapier having been named for Cluny, Fr. Poulin has become our new spiritual shepherd. Father Lavern, who has undergone a successful operation for his eyes, has now resumed his former occupations.

Among the Sisters, the changes are as follows: Sister Angelina Houle, Holy Family School, Isle-A-La-Cross; Sister Helen Hebert, Old Folks Home, St. Albert; Sister Gabrielle Simard, Sacred Heart School, Brocket. The newcomers to the school are Sister Cecile Mageau, (junior girls), Sister Madeleine Therrien, (senior girls), Sister Antoinette Bezaire, teacher, grades 3 and 4.

Thanks to the initiative of Fr. Lefrance, principal of the school, all six classrooms have been freshly painted and are now bright, cheery apartments. Both the boys' and girls' departments can also boast of some improvements, for 24 showers were installed.

On September 23, the beautiful film, "Song of Bernadette", was on the screen in our auditorium. Enjoyed by all, it was repeated on Sunday afternoon for the parents of the children.

On September 24, a card party was held in the new auditorium for the senior pupils of the school. Brother Morin was winner of the first prize, while the second prize went to Gerald Shade and the booby prize, to Andy Heavy Runner. A lunch was served at the close of the evening.

Bishop Carroll

On October 1, the staff and students of St. Mary's were happy to welcome the Most Rev. Bishop Carroll, of Calgary, on the occasion of the blessing of the new church at Glenwood. His Excellency celebrated mass at 7 a.m. in St. Mary's chapel.

At Glenwood, mass was celebrated at 10:30 a.m. by Father Leverne. The choir was formed by a group of students from St. Mary's accompanied at the organ by Sister Corriveau, superior. His Excellency, after a short introduction by Father Poulin, delivered the sermon. His address was followed by a few words in Blackfoot by Father Leverne.

The occasion also marked the opening of a three day retreat preached by Father Ruaux, of Brocket, for the people of Glenwood. The offices were well attended and the retreat appears to have been a success.

The people of Standoff as well as those of the Immaculate Conception parish are now looking forward to their retreat which, in all probability, will take place in November.

The children of the senior grades willingly lent a helping hand at bringing in the winter's supply of potatoes. Father Principal, by a frequent and generous distribution of mellow, juicy apples made the event look like a picnic.

Holy Childhood

On October 6, first Friday of the month, the children were enrolled in the Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood. The ceremony took place in the school chapel. After mass a brief but interesting sermon was delivered by Father Principal who afterwards distributed medals and membership certificates to the students.

Cadets

Twenty-four boys, members of the Army Cadets, have begun their training with Mr. Ragan and Brother Morin as instructors.

Classes in Physical Training have also been resumed as well

as the practices for the annual boxing tournament which will take place in Cardston during the course of the year.

On October 8, death came at a three-minute interval to Mrs. Flying about and to Mrs. Calf Robe, both ill at the Cardston Hospital. The latter was 102 years old.

Sick in the same hospital at the present time are Helen Weasel Head who arrived ill from Midnapore and Marjorie Round Nose. Eugene Twigg, Patrick Eagle Plume, Michael Devine, Lawrence Plainwoman and Adeline Mills were also recently treated in hospital.

Convention

The teachers of the school attended the Teachers' Convention in Lethbridge on the 10th and 11th of October. In the meanwhile the pupils enjoyed a little holiday.

Though only one month of school has gone by, it has been packed with events and the remainder of the year at St. Mary's promises to be no less eventful.

DAY SCHOOL REPORTS GOOD ATTENDANCE

Whitefish Bay, Ontario

The Indians on the Island at Whitefish Bay appreciate their new day school. The Federal Department of Indian Affairs by whom this model school was built can be sure about that because of the wonderful attendance and punctuality of the children. One hundred percent, day after day, is not unusual here in spite of the fact many live some two miles away.

When a child is absent from school the first thing he does on his return is to present his teacher with a note from his parents stating the reason. Then he himself writes out in the pupil's own attendance book the date he was away and why. These are carefully checked regularly by the teachers and the results are astounding. It is doubled whether any city school can boast a better attendance record.

New Principal

Miss Mary Ellen Doyle, holder of a first class high honours teaching certificate for Quebec and 1st class for Manitoba, former demonstration teacher in the Provincial Normal School at Winnipeg, away on leave of absence, is the new principal at Whitefish Bay. She pays tribute to the fine work done by Peter Fenez, assistant teacher and Welfare Worker, and Armand Lafleche now on the staff at St. Paul's College in Winnipeg who both pioneered here with great success for years in the old log school.

2 Classrooms

With some sixty pupils in attendance two classrooms are practically filled to capacity. Besides bright, beautiful, spacious classrooms the new school boasts a fine manual training room for the boys and an attractive domestic science and sewing room for the girls. The children, ranging from grades 1 to 8, are organized as a "Good Citizenship Cooperator's Club". Their Motto "We Share Responsibility" speaks for itself. Executive positions are obtained by ballot. Meetings are held in the classroom each Monday at 9:30 a.m. Apart from executive positions each member of the Club has a special job which pertains to the smooth running of the school for which he alone shall be responsible to the group. Responsibilities are as follows:

President — Raymond Bird

Secretary — Frank Tom

Treasurer — Jim Paul

Circulation Manager for the Red Cross Periodicals and the Indian Missionary Record — Edna Joseph

Sandy Bay School A Happy Home



Sandy Bay I. S. has many emulators to Barbara-Ann!

by T. C. G.

The long rows of spruces along our school grounds whisper softly in the breeze. It sounds a bit like Gene Autry's "I'm Coming Home Darling". We are indeed coming home. It was good to wander ankle deep in the rubble along our Manitoba bushes and wheat fields. The smell of hay was strong with us as we left our camp homes 'may they ever be so humble' but we are very fortunate gals and boys. We really own two homes, and our boarding residence throughout the year has captivated us with its friendly and sincere spirit.

We wander familiarly through its length and width admiring the flower beds on the grounds the new repairs here and there, new pictures on the walls, new arrangements. We note that the old eagle in the senior class has not yet succeeded in catching its prey. There it is, always ready to go, going nowhere. It stimulates our imaginations however... they go somewhere, most of the time.

Of new things and persons

By clans, our boarders arrive donning gaily the new clothes and the pastel ribbons. The boys have nice sweaters and new shoes. The girls go feminine and are really beautiful. No wonder the spruce boulevard echoes its yodelling refrain. Sandy Bay School is on the go. New books, new pencils and new... teachers.

Our beloved principal beams the gay smile that tells us again and again of his big heart. He loves us and we love him. He never walks, he runs. Here and there and everywhere Father Lambert gathers the little ones and the big ones who are to become his new family for the year.

As we see him go by a natural thought comes from our hearts to our lips "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Sisters' Staff

Sister Superior, Sr. Pierre Chrysologue, friendly and capable and motherly, she went to give a hand to Father Comeault at the Ebb and Flow Mission and this devoted missionary titled her gracefully Superior of Ebb-And-Flow. She flutters silently about in her gentle and many activities.

Sister Madeleine, the sweet little sister with the voice of a nightingale, goes about her classroom work and creating new singing periods. By the way, she smiles like an angel.

Sister Claire, the little nurse, flutters about answering the four bells of emergency all day long. Her gentle face matches her healing hands. The kitchen sisters are popular with the children specially when vanilla tarts and pies are in the making.

Indians' Names Have Meaning



Photo Features

Indians often have peculiar names but there is always a reason for them. Sometimes it goes back a few generations and the origin is obscure and then again the owners refuse to explain. Here are some of the Indians who are members of Holy Rosary Mission at Pine Ridge, S. D. Top, Thomas and Sallie Stabber, all dressed up in their best. Lower left, Rosa Nofat and lower right, Marie Jumping Eagle.

The girls' keeper Sister Jean Bosco is the mother by excellence. When she is not typing numbers for her hundred girls' clothes she is patching, brushing, washing, hanging. How one person can do so much is almost incredible, it does not stop her from harmonizing all our modern songs and ditties.

Father Tetreault

We have a new Father at our mission, a reserved, quiet missionary who counts, morning, noon and night. To us this seems unbelievable as no one here loves mathematics or figures.. unless, it is occasionally a figure of speech. Father Tetreault handles the school's financial affairs. What a department, what responsibilities!... May his blessings be multiplied, his sorrows subtracted, his joys added and his responsibility divided!

Departure

We gain one we lose one ... Our dear Father Beaulieu ("Hollywood on Wheels") is leaving us for good. He is promoted to the post of Sanatoria visitor. Just the type to bring gladness and cheer to all the sick people. We miss him very much, the little jokes, the warm greetings, the soft Saulteaux Indian he speaks so well, the proverbial generosity, and... where in the world will we find us some pretty brooches now? We feast him a bit in a farewell ceremony but we hate goodbyes. God bless our ambulant missionary, we refuse to give up any one of them so we adopt him in our hearts and he shares the merit of all our prayers and sacrifices. May our friend return to visit us often. God bless him!

Ebb-And-Flow's Missionary

We also pray for our other dependent missionaries, the unsung, quiet disciples who serve the good cause. Once in a while the little blue Jeep from Crane River turns in the drive at Sandy Bay and there is Father Florentin, the quiet one, the flower lover, peeking by the garden gate at the everlasting flowers. Crane River... so far and yet so near.

One fine autumn day the staff went to visit Father Comeau at his near-by mission. What an agreeable day! Mass, with visitors doing the honors of singing at mass and benediction. People are very pious there, even a cat walked down the aisle. After the religious service the crowd moved to the shores of the lake where a wiener-roast took place accompanied by the most varied meal imaginable.

After giving our thanks to Our Lady of the Lake and having flung our poetry to the Ebb and Flow, we broke into a singsong of French, English and Cree repertoire. Fr. Beaulieu still being with us at the time sat (of all places) on a case of Canada dry ginger ale, very empty.

Can that dear Father ever stutter! Behold Demosthenes.. Fun... more fun... gay repartee, plain lazy idling in the beautiful sunshine. Father Comeau feeding his little ones by the spoonfuls of canned peaches.

Present at this memorable afternoon of rejoicing were Mr. and (Continued on Page 4)

SANDY BAY SCHOOL
A HAPPY HOME . . .

(Continued from Page 3)

Mrs. Gillas, our thrifty and well known farm instructor, and his lovely family, Miss MacCarthy, our Florence Nightingale. Mr. and Mrs. Roy, our local storekeepers, Madame Levreault, the angel of Marius school, always smilingly helping some one, Madame Richard, a new friend in Sandy Bay. Mr. and Mrs. Adam, the storekeeper and teacher of Ebb-and-Flow. Only our boys' keeper, Mr. Alarie, was missing at the time.

Christenings

Marylyn Clara, daughter of Harry Beaulieu. Clifford Roderick, son of Magnus Mousseau and Adeline Beaulieu. Joseph Leo, son of Clifford J. Beaulieu and Christine Manigenes. Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Amable Roulette and Bessie Francis. Randolph Edgar, and Marillia, twin infants of Stephen Beaulieu et Louisa Mousseau. Lloyd Henry, son of Adelard Houle and Elizabeth McKenna.

Deceased

William John, infant son of Louis Richard. Mrs. Blanche Spence, buried from our Mission chapel.

Professor Denies
Columbus Claim

BALTIMORE, Md., — It was not to a new world that Christopher Columbus sailed the ocean blue in 1492, a Johns Hopkins university geographer believes.

A well-beaten track between Asia and the Americas probably existed two or three thousand years before Columbus made his epic first voyage, Prof George F. Carter writes in the Southwestern Journal of Anthropology.

Dr. Carter suggests the Asiatic peoples made contact with the western hemisphere sometime before 1,000 B.C. — perhaps as early as 2,000 B.C.

His theory is based on the fact that plants such as the sweet potato, cotton, Mexican poppy and certain weeds existed in America and Asia and some Pacific islands long before "any written record of man's having travelled between the two points."

Plants can't originate twice, the geographer says.

"The answer to this puzzle," Carter concludes, "is that man did make such unrecorded ocean voyages — probably in elaborate, giant canoes."

STRANGE BUT TRUE
Little-Known Facts for Catholics

By M. J. MURRAY

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ELDERS FIND A
LITTLE CHILD
SHALL LEAD THEM

YOKOSUKA, Japan, — Modern Church history here is providing numerous instances of the young teaching the old, as school children lead their elders to the true faith.

A 13-year-old student at the junior high school conducted by the Sisters of the Handmaids of the Sacred Heart wanted to become a Catholic. She was told by the Sisters that a 13-year-old would be refused Baptism until another member of her family agreed to study with her. She persuaded her mother after some resistance and eventually both were baptized at the same time.

The father attended the baptismal ceremony and was so impressed that he and the remaining members of the family are preparing themselves for the Sacrament of Baptism.

In an elementary school where the Sisters were telling some of the six-year-olds about God for the first time, a regular teacher of one of the classes, not being a Catholic, was unable to fulfill the children's request on how to pray to God.

Coming back after recess she found some of the tots who were Catholics leading the others in prayer. The teacher was so impressed that she had herself enrolled in a catechumen class.

PRAYER

For the Beautification of Catherine Tekakwitha

O God, Who, among the manifold marvels of Thy Grace in the New World, didst cause to blossom on the banks of the Mohawk and of the St. Lawrence, the pure and tender Lily, Catherine Tekakwitha, grant, we beseech Thee, the favor we beg through her intercession—that this Little Lover of Jesus and of His Cross may soon be raised to the honors of the altar by Holy Mother Church, and that our hearts may be enkindled with a stronger desire to imitate her innocence and faith. Through the same Christ Our Lord. Amen.

Imprimatur: Em. - Alph. Deschamps, V.G., Bishop of Thennesis, Auxiliary of Montreal.

FILE HILLS INDIAN COLONY

From Oxen to Power Farming

By ELEANOR BRASS

(in Regina Leader-Post)

Should the dreamer and founder of the File Hills Indian colony look back at the patient ox treading the sod and once more quote, "It will be hard going but you will never be sorry," should he review the years up to the present, he would to quite an extent have realized his efforts. For there are nearly 400 residents, who have come to know this colony as their real home.

It was founded in the year 1902 and is unique, being populated by the descendants of the aborigines of Canada.

Being one of the first babies born on this colony, I have seen it in its various stages and noticed that the extent of progress depended on the diversified methods of supervision under the different Indian agents.

The idea originated from a dream of a white boy, who grew up among the Indian people. He was the late Mr. W. M. Graham, who later became commissioner of Indian affairs for the three prairie provinces.

When he became Indian agent of the File Hills Reserves, he realized that something would have to be done, to encourage the young graduates, some plan must be laid, whereby these people should continue to advance, and it must be away from the older people with their primitive habits of living.

Therefore his idea of establishing an Indian colony, exclusively for graduates took form.

This plan could be in accordance with an article found in the Qu'Appelle treaty number four, which reads as follows: "And further, Her Majesty agrees that Her Indians shall have the right to pursue their avocations of hunting, trapping and fishing throughout the tract surrendered, subject to such regulations as may from time to time be made by the government of the country acting under the authority of Her Majesty and saving and excepting such tracts as may be required or taken up from time to time for settlement, mining or other purposes under grant or right given by Her Majesty's said government."

Mr. Graham asked the government to set aside 10,000 acres of arable land on some reserve. This land was granted on the Peepeekisis Reserve, bordering closely to Lorie, Gillespie and about three miles northeast of Balcarres, between Melville and Regina.

The land was surveyed into 80-acre lots. One lot was given to a farmer with the adjoining one vacant. In the event that the farmer was found capable within three years, it was given to him without charge.

All of this reserve was not surveyed. The remainder was probably left for those who were not so progressive and desired to continue the old livelihood. Therefore this portion is not included in the colony.

In erecting the first residences, each colonist was loaned approximately \$70 to apply on the building of their homes. At that time material was much cheaper and the homes were constructed of

logs. This amount of material went a long ways towards completing buildings, which were neatly built and finished with a lime and sand plaster.

For those who did not have their own horses each farmer was loaned a yoke of oxen. They were very slow docile animals, requiring an abundance of patience on the part of the driver.

Instructions were given in grain growing, the care of livestock and the use of implements.

The wives of these young farmers were given a grant of household effects, taught sanitation and the proper preparation of food.

So keen was the desire for success of this plan, that the founder made his own rules, which were felt to be quite strict, especially to those found guilty of breaking them.

Mr. Graham selected graduates from various schools and working with him were two principals of the nearest Indian schools, namely, Mrs. W. R. Motherwell, wife of the former federal minister of agriculture (she was at that time Miss Christine Gillespie of the File Hills Residential school, and the late Rev. Fr. Hugonard, of the Lebret school).

They selected likely prospects from among their pupils to place on this colony, and kept in touch with them, by assisting in their homemaking and guidance in the upbringing of their children. As a result two fine churches were built, a Presbyterian, now United, and a Roman Catholic.

In latter years a five-roomed manse has been erected for the United church and a fine club hall for the Catholic church. These two centres have been scenes of many social activities since. The women have their respective societies, a women's missionary society and a homemakers' club. They function much the same as in any white community, with their various bazaars, teas and suppers.

In the early years of the colony, such pastimes as fiddle dances, pow-wows or any form of tribal ceremonies were strictly forbidden by the founder, as he considered them detrimental to progress.

Like other young people, these colonists craved a bit of carefree fun. I remember as children, my sister and I accompanied our parents to a fiddle dance, secretly held in one of the homes. Everyone seemed to have enjoyed themselves immensely, possibly the more so, had they not been forbidden.

A brass band was organized and led by trained bandmasters. This band was well thought of in the province. It was used for recruiting purposes during the First World War. It also played for various functions during the fair of 1915 at Winnipeg. Some of the musicians later found places in military bands. This band was known as the "File Hills Indian Colony band."

In the earlier days of the colony there were three or four different occasions, when royalty visited, an dear occasion was accompanied with much preparation, including instructions on proper

forms of addressing and curtseying to such guests.

During his term as governor-general, Earl Grey took a special interest in this colony and made it an annual visit. He donated a shield to be presented to the farmer who grew the finest crop of wheat for the year. Some held it for more than one year at a time. This shield is still in existence, and hangs in one of the homes on the colony.

An annual agricultural exhibition was held for a few years, in which the Indians competed with one another, in stock, grain, homecooking and sewing. They also had their usual round of sports, such as horse racing, foot races and ball games. The colony had their own football team which was well known around the district. Why these exhibitions were discontinued is not known, as such might have promoted greater progress in the building of this colony.

During the two great wars, the colony responded loyally to the forces. In proportion to its population, it exceeded that of other communities. Of this number, we shall always have the memory of those who paid the supreme sacrifice.

The veterans are now farming on their allotted lands, equipped with tractors, etc., financed through their V.L.A. grants, and with others who are not veterans, but have equipment through their own efforts. They are doing as well as can be expected under the prevailing conditions. Practically all of the farming is now done by machine power.

In the northeast corner of the colony are a few section of light land, which is of little use for farming, so it is used as a community pasture, where all the spare horses and cattle graze during the summer months.

The main herd of cattle kept are Shorthorns and Herefords. They are crossed in hopes of producing a hardier strain.

A general cattle sale takes place once a year, while individual buyers come in. The Co-operative association is the main buyer.

Some of the Indian farmers hold positions on the executives of the local Wheat Pool and Co-operative associations.

As we are not all farmers, some couples and single young people from the colony are in different parts of the country employed in various occupations, while two trained nurses hold positions in hospitals.

There is a larger percentage of young people attending high school.

A new day school is being erected, which is likely to take the place of some residential schools, one of which has recently been closed. There will be an enrollment of some 40 pupils in the meantime.

Graded roads are being made on the square, in place of the winding trails so symbolic of the pony days.

This is a brief outline of the project as I have seen it and gathered from some of the older generation.

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Earliest Canadians And Their Modern Country

This third installment of Anthony Walsh's articles on Canada's earliest settlers, the Indians, continues to examine the present-day status of this growing race. Their occupations include the building trades, farming, trapping, hunting, fishing, stock-raising; their welfare is in the hands of the Indian Affairs Branch of the Dept. of Health and Welfare. Despite great strides in education, much remains to be done. Their feeling of inferiority in a white man's world, the reason why the majority prefer to remain on reserves, stems from their inability to compete with fellow Canadians in earning a living. With the settling of the West by the white man, the Indians were restricted to confined areas . . . and gradually reduced to beggary.

By ANTHONY WALSH

THE next stage saw the complete breakdown of their culture, mode of life and political organizations. Instead of their own nourishing foods, they adopted that of the white man, and forsook their lodges and crowded into wooden shacks.

All these events tended to lower their resistance, so that when they came in contact with the new diseases brought to the country by the white man, they died in thousands.

There has been much glib talk about the failure of the missionaries during this time of transition. It is amazing to think of all that they were able to accomplish under the circumstances, for you cannot uproot one kind of culture and force another in its place upon a bewildered and frustrated people and hope for speedy results.

We must also remember how much worse the situation would have been, had there been no missionaries to prevent unscrupulous whites from depriving these people of all their possessions.

During the early stages of Indian education, because of the nomadic habits of the native people, it was thought that if children were taken away from their parents and placed in residential schools, they would become used to the ways of the white man and get a good command of his language.

FOLLY OF OLD TRADITIONS

They could then return to the reserves and open the eyes of their leaders as to the folly of carrying on with the old traditions. But the old people had other ideas and were adamant in their determination to follow a pattern of life similar to that of their forebears.

The youngsters soon sensed that they were up against insurmountable barriers, became despondent and embittered and quickly forgot much of what had been taught to them. We cannot blame them; their failure was due to the white man who did not extend a helping hand to them when they tried to bridge the gap between the old ways and the new.

Think what would happen if a

white child was taken from his parents and sent to an Oriental country to be educated.

Just imagine the reception that he would receive on returning home if he addressed his folks in the following manner: "Honored Parents: If you want to be really happy, you've got to change your whole outlook. The correct way to convey food to the mouth is by means of chop sticks. Mother, you would have much better health if you slept on the floor and had a block of wood for a pillow. Father, from now on, you've got to wear a kimono and stop wearing pants."

This may sound fantastic, but no more so than thinking that a primitive people could become well-adjusted citizens in a couple of generations.

We have to bear in mind that by far the greater majority of Indians want a continuation of the reserve system. Therefore, as far as one can see today, most children now attending school will spend their adult life on reserves.

In view of this, we will have to evolve a system of education that will assist them in making full use of the resources of their reserves, and thus raise their standard of living.

GROUP LEADERS

Those children of ability and



THE ARTISTRY OF INDIAN CHILDREN is illustrated wherever they are allowed to develop their talents in carrying out native Indian forms of art, handicrafts and drama, as, above, youngsters enact a scene in "Ants and the Crickets."

the desire for higher education should be prepared on the same lines as the white children of their respective provinces. They would then be in a position to take specialized training at universities that would fit them to become group leaders.

A start has already been made in this field with the establishment of a novitiate for Indian girls, the Sisters of Mary Immaculate at Anaham, British Columbia. Two novices received the habit last spring, and on completing their training will either teach at day schools or carry out social service work among their own people.

Eventually the Indians will become assimilated into the general pattern of Canadian life. Which means that steps should now be taken to formulate a policy whereby Indian children can attend white Catholic schools adjacent to reserves. This would tend to

break down prejudice, silence critics who state that Catholics preach tolerance, but don't practice it, and prepare Indian children to take their rightful place in the community.

Surveys have been made from time to time into the educational methods of former British colonies. It has been found that when the curriculum was formed around native arts and crafts much better results were obtained than when the system was based on the British examination system.

CANADIAN INDIANS ARTISTIC

Canadian Indians are a creative and artistic people. Therefore children should be given the opportunity of carrying out their own forms of art, handicrafts and drama.

Numbers of our older outstanding Indians have had little opportunity

of acquiring an education, yet they possess a wealth of common sense, intelligence and integrity. They have also an understanding of conditions responsible for the present plight of their people.

In the past, we have not taken advantage of their knowledge, but gave gone ahead, maintaining that the only solution was through the application of the methods of the white man. Antigonish has shown us what can be done through adult education.

NEED INDIAN LEADERS

Cannot we make use of some such technique in tackling the Indian problem? We need these mature Indians as leaders, for no matter how able experts may be, we can never hope to eradicate existing evils until the Indians themselves are trained to carry out necessary reforms.

In 1943, a group of West Coast Indians under the leadership of Mauris McLean met with their missionary, Father P. J. Sheehan, O.M.I., and discussed the possibility of forming a co-operative for the selling of fish. After long debate, they formed an organization, raised enough money to make a part-payment on a boat and started operations.

Today, they own eleven boats, and seventy-five people are now living in fifteen new houses. This experiment proves that Indians when given wise direction and encouragement are capable of handling their own affairs.

Conferences should be held at which Indians, missionaries, officials and experts could discuss such issues as housing, the liquor question, juvenile delinquency, recreation and co-operatives. Members of Catholic organizations could attend as observers, and get to know something of the situation, for although they may be well informed about missionary activities abroad, they are woefully ignorant of what is being done within a few miles of their homes.

The time has come when Indians, officials and the public should co-operate in bringing an end to a state of affairs which discredits the nation.

wolf was considered especially fortunate, for the wolf has wonderful endurance and, like the lonely Indian on the war path, could fall on his prey at night. Painting of pelicans and cranes were common on the tepees of Crees near the Grand Rapids of the Saskatchewan.

Color, too, had a symbolic meaning, though various tribes differed in their interpretation thereof. Among the Dakotas yellow, which sometimes symbolized the dawn, was used in the painting of war horses; white represented snow or winter; blue represented both the sky and enemies killed in battle; red in ceremonial designs indicated thunder, in those relating to war it meant enemies killed.

Crosses, circles, triangles and similar designs often illustrated a holy mystery known only to members of a secret society. Today anyone trying to obtain information about the decorations of their tepees from our Indians, find it as difficult to do so as if they were all members of the Masonic or a similar society.

The younger generation is perhaps only indifferent, but the old Indian who could tell so much distrusts—often with good reason—the white men. He fears their ridicule of what is to him a historic decoration, or more often a religious symbol.

Just as our Indians made their homes from the materials all around them, so they evolved their religion from the same source. They saw the Great Spirit in rivers, trees, mountains and heard his voice in the wind or thunder. They could read all the pages of the book of nature, and see the handwriting of Manitou in the manuscript of the sky.

What they heard and read they painted in rude but dramatic fashion on shields, tepees, moccasins, belts, in the universal desire of primitive man to bring his religion into his daily life, and to beautify the common things.

Origin of the Indian Tepee

By Margaret Complin

The Indian of the plains, wandering over the great prairies in the wake of the migratory buffalo on which he depended for food, clothing and shelter, had no housing problem, no shortage of labor or materials. Neither had he unions, architects, contractors, or priorities with which to contend. Tradition says that long before the coming of the white man a native woman picked a poplar leaf and idly twisted it round her finger into a cone. Thus came the idea for a tepee, the serviceable tent of the plains Indian, which, like the black tents of Kedar and the snow igloo of the Eskimo, is a perfect example of a native dwelling exactly suited to its environment.

The decorated tepees which are of yearly interest to visitors at the Regina exhibition are now made of canvas, but before the destruction of the buffalo tepees were made of skins of that animal, shot in the moon-of-bright-nights, April, when the buffalo had shed his winter coat and the skins were soft and pliable. In

the Indians' division of the laborious life the work of obtaining the skins was that of the men, but to the woman fell the work of making the tents. These were renewed yearly, and finished before the great tribal reunion for the rites of the medicine lodge, known to us as the thirst and the sun dance.

Like barn-raising in pioneer days in Ontario, tent making was community work; when she was ready to make her family's tent, the woman made a great feast preceded by prayer for her friends, after which they helped in cutting the skins and sewing them together with buffalo sinews. Sixteen to eighteen feet was the

supreme importance to the plains and the interior of the tent would be smoky. Scalps were a gruesome decoration, also horse and buffalo tails. The simple furniture of the interior consisted chiefly of beds made of buffalo skins, and dried prairie wool, backrest woven of willow rods and buffalo sinews, and numerous parfleches, or cases, to hold pemmican, pipes, war bonnets and so forth. An excavation surrounded by stones formed the fireplace and cooking stove and the space at the top of the tepee was used for smoking buffalo tongues, described by old Hudson's Bay traders as "beyond all comparison delicious."

In winter a dewcloth, or inner lining of buffalo hide six feet in height, often painted with representations of the owner's family history, extended all round the inside of the tent to keep the snow or rain from the floor. This was rolled up in summer, and cooking and other domestic work was performed outside the tent in much the same manner as curious visitors to the Indian en-

Indian Praises Coyote Gun

Magic Weapon

"I have hunted them down with the hounds and chased them on horseback, trapped them, baited them, shot them and snared them in their runways, killing as many as 30 each winter, and I thought

I had something to crow about, but I take my hat off to the genius who invented this new magic weapon, the cyanide gun and the coyote getter."

"I was simply amazed at the results," Mr. Kennedy said. "I could hardly believe my eyes when I went over to see my sets." He reported that there were three female coyotes around one set, a dog coyote at the next set and two females at the third set. Two of the females had pups in their dens and the other three had not had them yet. "The net results," he said, "is from 40 to 50 coyotes destroyed at one stroke."

Indian it was considered most fortunate to dream of that animal.

An interesting tent seen for years at the exhibition had a door representing the head of a huge buffalo. Anyone passing through that door was supposed to acquire some of the fearlessness and strength of that animal. The figure of the much revered bear was often painted. In early spring when the bear first appeared the Sioux and Crees held a dramatic bear dance performed as a prayer for success in hunting. Representations of eagles, often confounded with the thunder bird, are frequently to be seen; also of the wisest of animals, the otter, to give special skill to the hunter. Any man who dreamed of the

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THE SPRING of TEGAKOUIITA

By SERENA WARD

Chapter XXVII

Burnishing the Cup

Kateri, too, had been a little surprised at the permission Père Cholenece had granted her. She had expected more opposition. But she had not seen, as Cholenece had seen, the wondrous purity and appeal of the face raised to the confessor. Nor the peace of the lips that said: "My Father, because of the sins of my people — so terrible, so violent — I have been smudged, and also by my own sins. Please, my Father — I beg you to grant me the permission to take the discipline and do penance like the other good people among us."

Her sins, thought the Père, are nothing but virtues. She is prudent and pure and full of charity, and what can I do but leave her to God! "Very well, my child. Go with God and do as He wills." He laid his hand on her braids.

Chapter XXVIII

Kateri, the Little Saint

FATHER Cholenece day by day marveled at the progress of his little Mohawk convert. Watching her in her hours upon hours of adoration before the cross and the tabernacle, he was all but dumfounded by the interior recollection that showed in the complete stillness of her body and the deepness of her eyes. "She prays with her eyes," he found himself mumbling after coming of God, whom she loved so devotedly that she had once asked to be allowed to cut off her beautiful upon her rapt in devotion at the feet of the Mother black hair, now lacking all ornament. "I want to be her slave," she had shyly admitted; but Father Cholenece had explained she need not wear the outward signs to be a subject of Mary.

"It is better to be a secret slave and do secret penance?"

"Yes. That is better, Kateri." And that was the first time the thought had entered her head for secrecy of penance and devotion.

If he looked into her eyes for a whole moment, Cholenece thought at moments when she was absorbed in prayer, he would drown in a sea of virtue. And after her visit to the nuns at Ville Marie she had become even more quiet and more recollected. Her rosary nearly always beside her now, became such a part of her that one could scarcely think of one without the other. And she had come recently to beg her pastor to let her take the perpetual vow of virginity, as the Sisters did.

Cholenece was touched but wary. It was in those surroundings an unheard-of thing, and pious and perfect as Kateri was, it was no favor she asked. The priest began to watch her more intently. Almost to shadow her in his quiet but penetrating way, and all that came of it was an entry in his relations to the Superior General. "It is a surprising thing to see how far this young girl has advanced spiritually during the nearly two years and a half that she has lived at the Sault, but it is still more astonishing that she should have been very near what she is now as soon as she came here. Truly she has been no novice, but an expert from the beginning, and with no other instructor than the Holy Spirit she has gone swiftly forward to perfection. She has attained with no other teacher such a sublime gift of prayer, accompanied by such heavenly consolations, that I am constrained to give her this privilege for which she asks."

Cholenece toyed with his quill and recalled Kateri's absorbed face to mind. Then he dipped the point into his ink and continued:

"She is already, in the judgment of a very intelligent person who knows her, in the unitive way of perfection. In fact, she seems to enjoy all the consolations of this blessed state. Strangely it seems that before passing through the purgative and the illuminative way, she has entered the unitive by a special guidance of the Holy Ghost and came to the first two by the third."

Cholenece watched her at the foot of the great cross erected upon the river bank. He took heed of her after her confessions, with the marks of exaltation and suffering on her face. He knew of the scourgings and worried about Kateri's health, even though he would no longer hold her back from her upward flight.

Yes. There she knelt. And there was something new in her face, something extraordinary, in a face that was always extraordinary. Cholenece drew in his breath sharply. "She is a saint," he breathed, "a saint right here in our midst, and we do not appreciate her. He stood watching her for a moment while she, wholly unconscious of his presence, remained rapt in prayer, her face thin and marked with suffering, but of a beauty that was unearthly. She was kneeling, as she always knelt, close to the altar railing so as not to be disturbed by any one who came into the chapel. She looked cold and Cholenece sighed as he advanced and touched her arm.

"Kateri, you are freezing. How long have you been here in church?"

Tegakouita's indwelling eyes regained cognizance of time and place slowly, and she looked up at him a little confused as though coming back from a far country.

"Have you been here all evening, child?" Father repeated, sensing her confusion.

"I do not know, my Father. I do not know what time it is. I came here before the setting of the sun." It was quite dark in the church.

"Come with me now. You must warm yourself a little." Cholenece led the girl into his own lodge and drew her to the fire. "You are ill, Kateri. Not strong enough to expose yourself to the dangers of pneumonia." He handed her a bowl of warm sassafras tea.

Kateri feeling very shy at being waited on by her pastor took the bowl and drank slowly. Now that she was back on earth again she shivered from the cold that had seeped into her very bones. The Père was so good. It was good to be here with him. She looked down into the fire feeling its warmth stealing along the freezing veins while the hot drink seemed to melt her inner coldness. But Cholenece, who was watching, presently saw that she was slipping away from the world again, and, with fingers still icy, she looked up and smiled at him as she returned the drinking-gourd. "I am warm now, my Father," she whispered as though half in a different world. "Warm enough to go back to where I left my heart."

Cholenece felt choked. He bit his lip to keep it from an unaccustomed quivering and went to the door and opened it for the Indian girl. He had braved the perils of the sea and the dangers of a savage mission to become the confessor of a saint. How strange were the ways of God!

Kateri passed through the doorway with her face a small triangle between the folds of her blanket. For an instant the good priest thrilled to the mystery of her lifted eyes.

"You should not hold back doors for me," she said quietly. "I am not worthy."

He went back to his table and picked up his discarded pen and wrote. "What would people say to this, who a hundred times a day go by the church without a thought of paying one visit to our Lord on His altar, and who are bored so at church that they find Mass too long whenever they are obliged to hear it!"

Then he sat gazing into the heart of the fire seeing in it the face of Catherine Tegakouita, infused with mystical prayer, that almost divine intuition which the Holy Ghost bestows on the soul with the gift of wisdom. "How surprised some people would be to discover one day all the interior life they have within themselves and pay no heed!"

He was a man of prayer and interior recollection himself, but he did not reach the heights of his little friend. Well, at least he recognized it in her. He would let her take the vow of perpetual virginity. She would keep the vow whether she pronounced it or not. Therefore, let her pronounce it on the Feast of the Annunciation (March 25, 1679).

Chapter XXIX

In the Valley of the Shadow

ALL the remainder of the winter Kateri felt herself slipping more and more into the identity of the Crucified and His patient, lovely Mother. At times it seemed to her that they were completely one, but the thought humiliated her, for she thought it wicked to presume so much, and she soundly chastised herself for her daring.

"O my beautiful Mother," she whispered to her whom she so devotedly loved, "since I gave myself to you, I forgot that I am only Kateri. You are so lovely, I want to drown in your eyes." After making such confession the thin little squaw would lift her own liquid eyes to the face of the Mother of God and feel swept away into a river flowing blue and deep and sweet. But strong, Kateri could always feel the sweetness and the strength as though they were inseparable from her Lovely Lady.

Father Cholenece had given her a small cross which she wore suspended from her neck, and she pressed it so often to her lips that Teresa pretended to scold her. "You will wear the Lord out, Kateri, my sister. Can you not let Him rest for a moment?"

"Rest? O Teresa, if I could only help Him to rest on that cross." It was burning daylight in the cemetery, and she and Teresa were digging a grave for a child who had died. Kateri had let her veil fall loose, but, as though with an inspiration, she now caught it up and secured it close about her face and went on digging with her thin arms and emaciated hands working rhythmically while perspiration streamed down her face.

Teresa looked at her and shook her head. "Take it off, Kateri. You do enough penance, and the Lord needs you yet."

"It may give Him some little rest," Kateri said softly, and whether it was an answer to Teresa or a mere whisper to herself, her companion did not know.

When the grave was at last finished, Kateri stood erect and looked pensively across the green toward the tall cross and huge pine. "That is where I should like to lie," she said thoughtfully. "Where I can look up at Him all day and all night."

She felt very weary and the perspiration had made her weak but she did not mention it to Teresa. But Teresa was accustomed now to the playing of light and shade on her sister's face, and she silently followed her home, trying to keep her gaze from the angelic countenance beside her.

"She is having one of her visions," she said to herself and held her breath. She knew that Kateri saw things that others did not see, but she never spoke of it to the townspeople. "They can see it for themselves," she thought, "they know that Kateri is growing holier every day and that she cannot live long away from God."

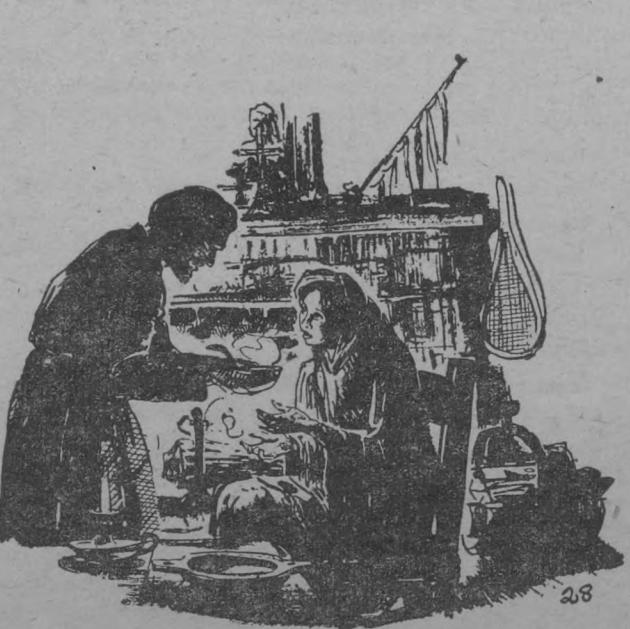
And she decided that if she had anything to say, and she surely had, Kateri would lie where she had indicated near the tall cross, when the Lovely Lady had come to bring her to her Son.

It was true that others saw the holiness of Kateri increasing daily. Her transports of love when she had received Holy Communion for the first time, and each time afterward, made her very attractive to the finest women in the community and they sought to be near her as often as possible and to imitate her as closely as they were able. And they asked her: "Kateri, tell us how we can best prepare ourselves to receive our Lord in His Blessed Sacrament."

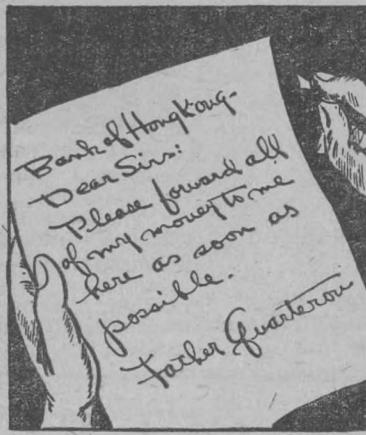
As they walked along now, squaws looked after the two girls and nodded their heads. "She is the holy one, our good Kateri. She sees the Virgin this very moment." And they bent their backs under heavier burdens of wood than ever before, trying to measure up to Tegakouita's example of holiness. Theirs did not extend to the renunciation of marriage however. This they did not understand then. Only Tegakouita was allowed by her confessor to take the vow of virginity.

But Teresa grew more and more worried as the summer melted into winter and Kateri grew weaker and weaker. She went again to Father Cholenece and his assistant, Père Chautière and complained. "Good Fathers, can you not do something for Kateri? I am strong and can stand severe penances, but look how thin and weak our little saint has grown, and still she beats herself and makes me chastise her until rivers of blood run down from her shoulders; and that girdle she wears — I saw it only recently. Father, you did not tell her she could kill herself with such things. She does not know when she has reached the limit."

Cholenece sighed. There was not much more he could do for Kateri. She had climbed nearly to the highest pinnacle of love and suffering for her Lord and Savior. But "I shall speak to Kateri," he promised her worried friend. "You are a good girl, Teresa. Do all you can for your sister."



Kateri felt very shy at being waited on by her pastor



But Kateri was no longer to be restrained. It was true that after Christmas the slow fever and had the vomiting which had been taking extra toll of her fast disappearing strength at last confined her to her cabin, but before she could lay down her life and she felt the urge for the greatest penance she could perform.

The snow had been falling heavily, and Tegakouita had rejoiced in the fine thin air. It had restored her health to some degree, and once more she frequented the church and begged God to draw her more closely still to Him.

Taking pity on her complete surrender, as she prostrated her swarthy thin little self before Him, the Lord smiled. And with the smile came the remembrance or the vision of a young saint of a century ago. St. Aloysius Gonzaga! Had not the good Père Cholenc and Chautière often told the story of saints? And had she not listened recently to the tale of thorns?

Kateri rose quickly and went into the forest, her burning desire lending strength to her body and wings to her feet. What could she try to copy? There, down in the hollow, was that thornbush. What could be more pleasing to a girl than to suffer thorns as Christ had suffered thorns? Heaving her shawl with them Kateri hurried back to the lodge, careful to avoid the eyes of any of the women toiling home with wood upon their backs and the women of her own cabin.

She hid the cruel-looking sharp-pointed twigs under her mat and with a face shining with inner intensity went about her work of the evening. It seemed interminably long until prayer time, and when she had recited the prayers fervently with the others, and added the long extra ones alone after her relatives were snoring soundly, she lifted the mat and drew forth the thorns.

When she had strewed them thickly over her mat and covered them with her blanket she patted her bed with a deep peaceful sigh — "Beautiful bed!" Then modestly, lest some eye might accidentally open, she drew off her clothing and slipped down luxuriously among the thorns. And there she lay all night.

It was terrible. It was wonderful. And Tegakouita, praying alternately for the pain of the thorns and then for the courage to bear it, turned and turned again and again among them so that not an inch of her body escaped their torture. And she was very happy.

After Mass the next morning Teresa stopped her. Kateri, go home. You must stay in bed. You look very ill."

"I am not ill. But I am going home." She went

on, and Teresa looked after her fretting more than ever.

And that night Tegakouita slept among her thorns.

And the following night, though she was near exhaustion, she slept upon thorns. And nobody knew.

But Mary Teresa was not to be outwitted. She meant to find out what penance her friend had found with which to hasten her death. "Kateri, I did not think you would keep anything from me. Are we not sisters? Should I not also do what you do? Tell me, sister — what penance have you discovered now?"

Faint from fasting and torn and bloody from the thorns, Tegakouita smiled, and her mouth was so sweet that Teresa thought she could not bear it.

"Ah, Teresa, sister, it is true I have never concealed anything from you. There is no one at the lodge now. Come, and I will show you the new way I have found to love the Lord."

When Teresa looked down upon the bloody thorns her strength forsook her. She sat heavily down upon a mat and wiped her head of the sweat that sprang out upon it. "You are wrong, Kateri! You are wrong! If you kill yourself thus, it will be a great sin."

For a few moments she sat silent, then she rose. "I must tell Père Cholenc of this. Kateri. It is a duty, for you are not strong enough to bear these things." She looked compassionately down upon the upturned face of her friend, but Tegakouita's lips were mute, and Teresa went from the cabin.

When Père Cholenc entered the cabin a short time later, Kateri was upon her knees so wrapped in her telling of the Rosary she did not hear the good priest enter. For a moment Cholenc stood looking upon the drawn but beautiful dark face.

"Kateri."

Tegakouita looked up, wide-eyed, instantly. "Yes, my Father?"

"You must burn the thorns on which you sleep. Under obedience, Kateri."

Kateri's skin burned. "Yes, my Father. I have sinned!"

"You have not sinned. But you must obey."

"Yes, my Father. But — the thorns were sweet."

Père Cholenc knew she would obey him, but he saw that it was too late. The thorns had weakened her so that she could scarcely recover from the effect of them. His heart leaped and dropped low again. And lifting his hand in blessing he went from the cabin and prostrated himself before his own cross. "As a lily among thorns," he whispered, "so is thy beloved among the daughters..."

Chapter XXX

Homegoing

IT was midwinter. The little settlement on the St. Lawrence lay covered in the deep snow of the Indian Hunting Moon. The cabins were more or less deserted as hunter after hunter set forth and returned from the trail laden with his winter meat, and only a few of the women stayed at home to mind the children and look after the welfare of the village.

Kateri dragged her worn-out limbs from cabin to church, from church to cabin, day after day. But the time between the days when she was able and when she could not set foot from her thornless mat seemed long and dreary.

In the little chapel she spent long hours on her knees, leaning against a bench when her limbs would not hold her upright any longer.

Fathers Chautière and Cholenc watched her ever more closely. "She has God always before her," Père Cholenc said to Chautière. "I feel closer to Him just looking at her. But how long can she go on? Her spirit is stronger than her body already, and only her will keeps her there on her knees."

"Yes," agreed Père Chautière, "but she is not conscious of that. She actually sees the living stations of the cross. I walked into her lodge the day before yesterday, when she was too ill to leave her bed, and she was making the stations spiritually and, believe me, Father, one could almost tell what station she was visiting from the expression of her face."

The next two months were pain and torture to Kateri. And she loved it. She could not leave her bed now and spent her Lent in penance on her tortured back. She was not able to move for her pain was so intense that those who saw her wondered why she did not die of it. But Kateri was most content when the pain was there. "Oh, my Father," she cried weakly to good Father Chautière, who came most often to tell her stories of the saints and to bring children whom she so loved to pray with her. "Oh, my Father, what I most desire is to live and die on the cross with my Jesus." She looked lovingly at the pictures of Christ the priest brought to show her and at the pictures from the Old Testament which, he explained, foreshadowed the coming of the Lord. "Such a happy Lent! Such a happy time my Jesus gives me! He fasts. So do I. He suffers. So do I. He loves. So do I. It is most sweet, my Father."

(To Be Continued)

Progress In Keewatin's Mission Service

Planes, Boats Speed Pastoral Visits As Cree Indians Give Joyful Welcome To Bishop

By FRED J. GLOVER

(In "The Ensign")

THE PAS, Man.—Canada's vast northland occupies a unique position in the present up-to-date world. Here the old walks hand in hand with the new, in the more remote areas of the nation's last frontier, the latest aids of modern science are to be found operating.

The problem of communication that existed for so long in the north has been shattered by short-wave radio and radio telephone, while the other bugbear of northern life, distance, has been disposed of by aeroplane and power boat.

The truth of these statements has been borne out by the pastoral visit of His Excellency, Most Rev. Martin Lajeunesse, O.M.I., Bishop of the Keewatin Vicariate, to the missions of the central section of his diocese, which he covered entirely by air.

NINE MISSIONS

This particular section consists of nine missions all located in the area which lies north and northwest of The Pas, the most northerly point of the journey being Brochet, home of the Chipewyan Indians.

Bishop Lajeunesse told *The Ensign* that the diocese of Keewatin covers an area embracing all of Northern Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and a little strip in the northwestern corner of Ontario, where the mission of St. Benedict located on Sandy Lake is found.

This region includes some of the most primitive country in Canada, virgin bushland, and for this very reason, cannot be traversed in less than a year.

The vicariate has been divided into three sections—the eastern district, the area east and north of Lake Winnipeg—the central district, all missions north and northwest of The Pas and the western district, the region north of Prince Albert.

EVERY THREE YEARS

Each year His Excellency visits one of the three sections, and the district so honored this summer will not see him again for another three years.

News of the intended visit of the Bishop is a great occasion for the Cree Indians who predominate in the north. The bands of the various reservations gather in full strength, and, on his arrival, fire guns into the air, welcoming their distinguished visitor. Four days is the Bishop's average stopover, although at the larger missions he remains a week. From the very aged who can still walk, to the youngest toddlers, they crowd to kiss his ring and greet him.

FLYING BISHOP

In 1934 Bishop Lajeunesse made the same journey that he undertook this summer, but then he travelled by canoe, and was only able to stay a day or two at each mission. This year through air travel, the trip was covered in six weeks, not very much difference in time, but a longer stopover was possible at each place.

The time of the pastoral visit is

spent in a four-day retreat with the entire band attending Mass in the morning, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the evening. And candidates that have been duly prepared are administered Confirmation. They are a very devout people.

As an example of this, His Excellency told a story of one such reservation he visited. The chief of the band, a good Christian, was faced with the problem of a broken home with one of the Indians. Assisted by one of his councillors, he brought the quarrelling parties before the Bishop and, in the midst of the discussions to pour oil on the troubled waters, the chief made them an impassioned plea for tolerance and forgiveness, quoting apt texts from the Holy Scriptures and words from Cree hymns to illustrate his point. "There was nothing left for me to say," said the Bishop, "the old chief had said it all."

Another story His Excellency told was of a Cree woman in her late fifties, who had been blind for the last six years. When he had called to visit her, with tear-filled eyes she told of her great disappointment at being unable to greet him on his arrival, kiss his ring and bid him welcome. The good Bishop, who tried to encourage the devout blind woman, was told she had offered his disappointment for the success of the retreat.

At some places, when the retreat is over and time will permit, a sports day is arranged. Indians dearly love to play games. Visiting families that have been known to the Bishop for years, and both the sick and infirm occupy much of the prelate's time.

The founder of this northern diocese was the late Rev. Bishop Ovide Charlebois, O.M.I., first Bishop of the Keewatin Vicariate, and uncle of the present episcopal incumbent—Bishop Lajeunesse. The Catholic Corporation of Keewatin owes its beginnings to him, and, besides the sizable works, such as a modern hospital, separate school, cathedral, up-to-date Bishop's house and parish hall, all located at The Pas, to him must go the credit for the lifelong devotion he gave to the creation and organization of the northern missions on behalf of the Cree and Chipewyan.

As a young priest in the year

1887, Father Charlebois came to the north with nothing but the love of God, and a burning zeal to convert the Northern Indian to the faith. How well he succeeded is a matter of record. To the visitor seeing The Pas for the first time, there is one very significant and often overlooked monument to his work. Behind the imposing brick edifice which is the present cathedral, is a small log shack surmounted by a cross. This is the first church built by the late Bishop Charlebois, many, many years ago in what is now the town of The-Pas.

It is kept in a state of preservation by the Oblates, who have charge of the Northern missions. There may be more costly and imposing memorials in this world, but never one more deserving of honor to the memory of a man who was faithful to the high ideals of his priestly office.



His Excellency Bishop Martin Lajeunesse, O.M.I., is the Vicar Apostolic of the Vicariate of Keewatin, with headquarters at The Pas, Manitoba.

The Beauval, the Buffalo Narrows, Buffalo River, Ille-à-la-Crosse, Chagona, Cumberland House, Garden Hill, La Loche and Sturge Landing schools and missions, all located in Saskatchewan as well as these of Cross Lake, God's Lake, Indian Lake, Island Falls, Brochet, Pelican Narrows, Nelson House, Oxford House, Norway House, Pakitiwagan, Poplar River, Reindeer Lake, in Manitoba, and Sandy Lake, in Ontario are under Bishop Lajeunesse's jurisdiction.

"I'LL GET BY"

Among those to receive from the hands of His Excellency Archbishop Duke, in 1949, Papal recognition of their labour for Holy Mother, the Church, in this Archdiocese of Vancouver, was Miss Violet Joan Wong, a parishioner of St. Francis Xavier Chinese Catholic Mission, Vancouver, and for thirteen years a teacher in the Mission Kindergarten.

Miss Wong, born in Port Alberni, B.C., came to Vancouver with her parents when the family moved here from the Island City. She attended public school here and, after graduating from entrance class, took a course in hairdressing and barbering. On completing her course, she established herself in a little shop on Main Street.

It was in this little shop that Miss Wong made her first contact with the Catholic Church. That contact was made in the person of Very Rev. Fr. Sharkey, S.F.M., Vicar-General of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society and founder of St. Francis Xavier Chinese Catholic Mission in this city. Father Sharkey was just beginning his work among the Chinese, he noticed the shop with two Chinese girls in attendance and in the rear two other younger girls and a boy reading "funnies." It was the presence of these three younger children that moved him to enter and introduce himself. He wished to have the three children attend his Sunday School.

That was the beginning. A little more than a year later, on November 30th, 1935, Violet Wong was baptized, Joan. Her elder sister, Ann, died a Catholic in August of that year while the three younger children, her two sisters and a brother, had been received into the Church eight months earlier.

Sold Business

In September, 1935, Miss Wong, still a pagan, sold out her business and accepted an offer from

the Chinese Catholic Mission to work as assistant to the Sister in the Kindergarten. In the intervening years, Miss Wong, by taking Summer Courses in the South, has become an efficient Kindergarten teacher and a specialist in Social Work among children. It is worthy of note, that her whole time for the past thirteen years has been given wholly to the service of the Mission. She has sacrificed personal monetary gain to do her share in helping to bring about those words which appear on the letter head of the Mission: "God has come to Chinatown, let us bring Chinatown to God."

During those long war years, when persons of her evident talent and accomplishments were in urgent demand, and attractively high salaries were an added inducement, she stayed with the Mission. "I'll get by," was her answer when the Mission authorities expressed their regret at not being in a position to offer her a salary compatible with what she could receive elsewhere.

None rejoice more than the Priests and Sisters of the Mission, for the singular honor that the Holy Father, on the recommendation of His Excellency, the Most Reverend W. M. Duke, D.D., Archbishop of Vancouver, has designed to bestow upon Miss Wong. "She is to us what Pauline Jaricot was to the Propagation of the Faith," say the Priests of the Mission. "She is a laywoman who is zealous for the cause of the Faith to the point of personal sacrifice. In rain, snow and fog she has faithfully trudged the streets and alleys of the East End, gathering together her little charges and shepherding them to and from kindergarten. May this recent honour she has received be but a reflection of the greater award God may one day bestow upon her. She is serving God's little ones, and He has said:

"Whosoever receives one such little child for my sake, receiveth me."—36 Mark: 9, 36.

—(B.C. Catholic)

Museum Indian Camp Has a Mountie Now

The Mounties may always get their man, but Regina's provincial museum has just reversed the procedure by getting its Mountie.

It has added to its prize collection one life-size Royal Canadian Mounted Police mannequin, complete with snappy regulation red serge uniform and the authentic trappings of the service according to an announcement made by museum director Fred Bard, recently. It will be part of the India camp display there.

Features of the newest addition, which was prepared by the museum staff with the aid of Mrs. E. E. Eisenhauer, of Regina, are the lifelike head and hands of the model. The head, which was made by Mrs. Eisenhauer, is modelled out of papier-mâché, while the hands are of plastic moulage construction.

Authenticity of the mannequin was assured through advice in setting it up which was given by the R.C.M.P. themselves. The regulation uniform used was provided through the co-operation of Commissioner S. T. Wood, chief of the R.C.M.P., Ottawa, and Supt. E. H. Perlson, of the Regina depot division.

The Indian camp display, which the new mannequin completes, is designed to show the influence of the introduction of the white man artifacts on the life of the Indian.

NEXT MONTH

Your Editor has had to devote the entire month of November to the Family Rosary Crusade in the U.S.A. Hence the unavoidable delay in publishing this issue of the I.M.R.

We will be with you earlier in December with many interesting reports received after the 15th of November and with splendid Christmas features.



Blind Cree Woman visited by Bishop Lajeunesse recites Rosary daily.